

The Brethren Evangelist

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
The Brethren Publishing House,
A. L. GARNER, Manager,
ASHLAND, OHIO.

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Terms of Subscription.
One Copy one year. 1.50
One Copy six months. .75
One Copy four months. .50

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THE BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
ASHLAND, Ashland Co., OHIO

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ASHLAND, Ohio, June 5, 1889.

Grand Premium Offer.

Attention is called to our grand premium offer on the last page. The usefulness of THE EVANGELIST can be wonderfully enlarged, and at this time is a most favorable season to do it.

The columns of THE EVANGELIST are no longer open to censure and criticism that are contrary to the spirit of Christ. The enthusiastic correspondence and the success of our work reported in our columns is the most potent argument in behalf of our claims it is possible to offer to the world. We invite the co-operation of every subscriber to aid us in a grand step forward in enlarging the influence of the paper.

Great Destruction at Johnstown.

The news are already in every corner of this great country, that Johnstown, Pennsylvania, is in ruins. Heavy rains and the breaking of a reservoir above the city made a flood that swept down over the city like a devastating scourge. The dead are estimated all the way from one to ten thousand souls.

The finest Brethren church yet in possession of our fraternity, stood upon the banks of the river that runs through the city, and the fact that less than a year ago we stood in it to preach the gospel before the loving faces of many brethren, sisters and friends, makes the calamity doubly impressive upon us.

Unless God saw proper to extend a special providence, their church building is a mass of ruins and scattered about the river valley. The homes of our brethren, too, are washed away, and their places of business destroyed. But we will recount the news no farther. The daily press will inform you of the terrible disasters, in which our brethren suffered as others.

We now have a religious and fraternal duty to perform. We owe it to Christ and the brethren there to help them.

Every member should do something. Our creed and discipline, the gospel of Christ, demands it, and may no one fail to do something. It is too late now to do much to alleviate the distress of hunger and nakedness. Those wants will be met by the prompt charity near the doomed city. But our brethren there will be destitute and we can aid them in starting homes again, and commencing business by donations and loaning them money without interest.

By next week we expect to have some definite news from the brethren there, and then more definite action can be taken. At our next regular meeting here at Ashland I expect to take a subscription or collection, and I hope that all fellow-pastors will do the same in their respective churches. Brethren, let us show our faith by our works. All sums sent to The Brethren Publishing House will be duly acknowledged, through the EVANGELIST, and special pains will be taken to put the money where it will do the greatest good for our suffering brethren.

A. L. G.

A Reef Near The Harbor.

On March 16th and 17th, 1889, one of the most terrible storms known in the south Pacific Ocean, struck the harbor, in front of the city of Apia, Samoa, and in a few hours, a fleet of six war ships and ten other vessels were wrecked, and one hundred and forty-two officers and men, belonging to the American and German Navies, sleep in unmarked graves, thousands of miles from native land and loved ones.

Near the harbor were coral reefs. The destructive hurricane caught the great ships in its grasp, and dashed them against these reefs. They threw out extra anchors, put on more steam, made every effort to out-ride the storm, and keep from death, but the hurricane's grip was stronger than anchor grasp, or revolving screw, and valuable property went to destruction, and brave men went to death.

The home is a harbor; the school is a harbor; the church is a harbor, and in these harbors brave men and women are found. Bright boys and girls, young and old, and near every harbor there is a reef built by satan, who endeavors to dash every vessel against them, and wreck body, mind and soul, darken hopes, deaden faith and fill hell.

There is the reef of impure literature. What a mighty reef it is. Satan never showed his wisdom clearer than when he captured the printing press. Its mighty wheels are continually revolving, and the click of its type make music to which devils dance. Look at the impure books, poisoned music and insinuating pictures in the market, hotels, railroads and news company's are used as channels through which to pour this matter which form a reef for satan. School boys and girls are dashed against it, and the sands of time are strewn with the dead.

There is the reef of unconsecrated associations. The social impulse was planted deep in man, when he came freshly moulded from the hand of his God. That loving Father saw it was not good for him to be alone. Eve was developed: 'The precious porcelain of human clay,' and that society was consecrated until satan spoilt it by planting the seeds of sin, and these seeds he is constantly endeavoring to develop. None knows so well as he the truth of the inspired assertion. One sinner destroyeth much good, and if he can bring pure men and women into contact with the impure the work of his satanic heart is half accomplished. David wanted every man and woman to keep from this reef when he said: 'Blessed

is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.'

There is the reef of bad habits.

So numerous are they, that they might be called legion, for they are many. In this connection I will mention only one, viz: The habit of keeping late hours. This is noticed in the cities and towns, but not confined to them by any means. The young are given to this habit, and especially young men and women. If young men, who calling on young women, and keeping them up until twelve and one o'clock, could only see their woe be gone appearance next day, they might learn a lesson, and if they could hear the assertions concerning them they would keep better hours, and thus save health, temper, peace and happiness. The wife of President Harrison well says: 'I can't be made to realize the profit of pleasures purchased at the expense of rest and health. I am old fashion enough to believe that two hours of 'beauty sleep' before midnight are worth more to a woman's youth, temper and general health than treble the amount after day light.' And what is true of late hours is also true of other bad habits. Beware of the reef of bad habits. 'The dead are there.'

There is the reef of inconsistency. If satan takes pleasure in building any one reef, it seems to me this one affords him much satisfaction. Against this reef many a vessel has been dashed, many a hope blighted, many a soul lost. When traveling through Ohio, I met a young man of fine intellect, who was a spiritual wreck, reared under the influences of a certain church, and was taught to believe salvation was obtained through that channel. Entering the work, he soon had his mind confused, and landed on the beach wrecked. The church professing one thing and doing another, we find such facts in the world. So too, we find bright young minds under the dominion of sin, and used by satan, because he succeeded in dashing them against some inconsistent life. 'If we live in the spirit let us also walk in the spirit.' A church that professes to believe in creeds ought to live up to their creed, and a church that opposes creeds ought to live up to the gospel. An inconsistent church, or an inconsistent church member is a rock in satan's reef, and in the last day, when all things are adjusted, they will be held responsible in wrecking some poor soul.

While a reef is found near every harbor, there need be no wreck. Christ in the boat, will drive back the storm, quiet the troubled waves, and to keep us from a wreck, has placed in our keeping a chart, and a compass, whose needle points true, for it points to the pole star of the soul. We have an anchor that cannot be dragged. It is cast within the veil, and after while, we will leave this old vessel and be at home.

'And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be right,
And the clouds be rolled back as a scroll.

The trumpet shall resound, and the Lord shall descend;

'Even so'—it is well with my soul.'

J. D. McF.

\$1.25 for 60 cents—read our Grand Premium Offer on last page.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Laura Bridgeman died recently in South Boston. She was remarkable as a person who was shut out from a great part of life. In infancy, she lost the senses of sight, hearing, taste and smell. Feeling only was left her. Yet she was educated and refined, a member of the Baptist church. Her sense of touch became so delicate and intelligent that it largely filled the offices of the four lost ones.

Sister Grossnickle publishes this week the names of the first circle of Orphan's Endowment Fund movement, with it also, the letter which is sent out, and an explanation of the way it works. It will be noticed that the first circle developed into sixteen new ones. When those are completed, Sister Grossnickle will have at least \$24 in addition to what she received on the first. These sixteen will develop into sixteen times sixteen, which will be 256—or start 256 new circles. If the system can be maintained, it will not be long until a large amount of money will be realized in sums of ten cents each. Move the work along brethren and sisters. The plan is a good one and it will cost you but little time and little money to comply with the sister's request.

The Free church of Scotland has recently engaged in hot discussions over a proposed revision of the creed of the Church, and the relation between the two elements is very much strained. A division is almost certain to follow a revision should one be made. Here is another evidence that creeds create division. The general assembly of the church here alluded to was held last month.

The German Baptist District Meeting was held at their church east of Ashland last week. There was quite a number of genuine Germans among the visitors, which made the name seem more appropriate than usual.

When a man seventy years old, who has tried to live a Christian life changes his religious practice and is baptized there is strong evidence that he desires to obey Christ. There are thousands who would change their way of keeping the Lord's ordinances if it was possible to get them to read truth about the observances of the Lord's house.

Recently Dr. Cronin of Chicago was called upon and requested to attend a sick man in a certain house on a certain street in Chicago. The house was unoccupied, but his enemies chose that plan to get him there, and then he was foully murdered. Enemies were concealed in the house for that purpose. This was a horrible deed, and has aroused the indignation of the country. But Satan is doing deeds more despicable even than the treachery of those murderers. He has numerous agents all about the earth who are deceiving the people and causing them to do wickedly, so that, with the prospect of life, they are sinking into a destruction of both soul and body in hell.

Eld. J. H. Swihart has added an appendix to his tract on the soul and death and the resurrection. In a style seasoned with grace he answers the criticism, and brings out more fully the views he holds. He teaches plainly that the spirit goes to God and says that he never said that the spirit dies. A man more thoroughly Biblical than Eld. Swihart is not found frequently, and he has never given himself over to the discussion of abstract ideas. The plain deduction from what he has written is substantially what we find in a slip of manuscript in our possession, written by D. Bailey. He says: 'I believe the popular belief that the soul and spirit are synonymous to be a mistake. The dictionaries will not help us in this, for they merely record popular usage, they do not attempt to rectify it when it is in the wrong.' Paul however, speaks distinctly of 'body, soul and spirit' in man, and how can soul and spirit be 'divided asunder' if they are one and the same thing? So I claim that the spirit is the immortal part of man and that the soul is the link that unites the body and the spirit. My belief, then, is that the spirit is immortal, the soul being perishable like the body.'

Repeated warnings were given to the people of Johnstown that the city was soon to be flooded, and the people should escape for their lives to the

mountains. But many ridiculed the warning and an awful destruction plunged upon them. God's messengers are warning the people of a destruction still more awful and one that will be general in its effects, and they are calling upon the people to flee for refuge to Jesus. But they ridicule the message, and all such will be eternally destroyed in the awful destruction of the wicked.

We are proud of Bro. Yoder's testimony for Prohibition. We are solicitous to have every member of our fraternity living in Pennsylvania to vote for the amendment in June. Don't forget it, brethren.

Are We Cuckoos?

We can learn lessons from every part of God's universe. How many are the beautiful parables our Lord uttered, using nature as his text book, and taught humanity many useful facts. The day of parables are not over. We may open our eyes and ears and still hear and see much that is beneficial. The sea, the shore, the birds, the trees, the fields, the crops, were all in their turn, used by the great Teacher as subjects to fill the hearts of humanity with sterling truths. We can turn over the leaves of this great book the Master used, and find a suitable text in the cuckoo.

The cuckoo, different from every bird, builds no nest of its own, but lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. Why it does this has puzzled naturalists greatly. Then the young cuckoo acts very ungratefully. One would think that when the young bird finds itself an intruder in another family, it would try to make things as comfortable as it could for all concerned. But this is not so. Being a larger bird than those upon whom they generally intrude; and of course being a much stronger bird, and requiring more room, it generally gets it by turning the others out of the nest. In spite of every remonstrance on the part of the young birds, that the nest was made for their accommodation, and of the old birds that they built it exclusively for their own family, the disagreeable and selfish cuckoo claims all the room for itself, and unceremoniously turns the rightful owners out.

We find, in our experience through life, that there are many persons who act like the selfish and ungrateful cuckoo.

Here is a church, in good working order, enjoying peace and concord. The pastor is well beloved and delights in making all his congregation happy. Into the midst of this harmonious church comes a man, who at first is like one of themselves, and the church receives him with open arms of welcome. But presently there is a disturbance in the once peaceful body. What is it?

The man who had come in amongst them, soon found out that there was not sufficient room for him. He thinks he cannot get his own way. In his own estimation his views and opinions are beyond all that any body else could suggest. So when the church does not heed his voice, and come when he calls, and go when he commands, he considers there is not sufficient room for him.

This is no overdrawn picture. There is hardly a congregation where a cuckoo is not to be found. Then if he is not able to shuffle and scare everybody out of the nest, there is a pointing spell. He feels as if the nest was not

Concluded on last page.